## TRIALS OF A NON-YETERAN.

The Graphic and Moving Story of a Brave Soldier.

By B, F. BORING, Co. D, 30th III.

30-days' furlough, and about the latter I remitted. part of August landed in Crawford Co., Ill., All this

it's but for to-night." Comparatively speaking my 30 days passed by about as rapidly as do the telegraph-poles to a passenger gliding along a railroad on a lightning gliding along a railroad on a lightning along a railroad on a lightning of another three years.

After the muster rolls had all been signed detailing me upon detached service in my County, to go along with a company of the 5th Ill. Cav. to be sent into the County after

made me safe at home until ordered back by the same authority that detached me. While thus killing time pleasantly on detached duty, the War Department, or some one else, issued an order to regimental commanders ordering them to send back home to their respective Counties a stipulated number of recruiting officers for the purpose of raising volunteer recruits with which to replenish the vacant ranks of pld companies; the order also provided that said recruiting officers be of those who stood next in the line of promotion.

In compliance, with the control of the promotion of the promoti

or be considered deserters."

I was at Hutsonville, Crawford County;
Capt. Martin was at Marshall, Clark
Capt. Martin was at Marshall, Clark
and about this remote village on the Wabash, without railroad connection with
other parts, since August; had made no
money in any way nor drawn any pay
during that time from the Government;
the only visible funds being a one-dollar
greenback cut in two in the middle, each
end of which passed currently in the army,
at the surfer's, for 50 cents, but was no go at greenback cut in two in the middle, each end of which passed currently in the army, at the sutler's, for 50 cents, but was no go at thome. The only means of mail and passenger transit then between Terre Faute fand. Why I did not re-enlist, variations and home. The only means of mail and passenger transit then between Terre Faute face, and Vincennes and intermediate towns was the old-timer four-in-hand stage coach, which made semi-weekly tries us upon its down trip than I received the above mentioned letter or order from my Captain at Marshall. With over 600 miles of rail and river travel between me and my regiment, an order to recoin it immediately, or be considered a deserter, with only a cut in-two one dollar bill in my pociet, set my nerves all on edge and made me feel shalty all over. If I could make connections, however, with Capt. Martin would not be back up on its return trip for two days, and of course Capt. Martin would be back up on its return trip for two days, and of course Capt. Martin would be some, which would make an expressions considered, and an ready to take up my main subject, "Getting home from the army." My three years' term of service expired on Aug. 26, '64. I had been counting months, weeks and days all over the hard trip that I received the above house, and was in a place that day when thouse, and was in a place that day when thouse, and was in a place that day when thouse, and was in a place that day when thouse, and was in a place that day when thouse, and was in a place that day when thouse, and was in a place that day when thouse and river travel hetween me and my regiment, an order to recoin it mediately, or be considered a deserter, with only a cut in-two one dollar bill in my pociet, set my nerves all on edge and made me feel shalty all over. If I could make connections, however, with Capt. Martin would not proposed to the first of the trip of the constant of the const

Macriny would the gener which would make a gain grained and the profile of the pr

It is quite common to read or to hear related how we went to the army, the breaking up of home ties, experiences in camp, etc., but it is somewhat are to read one's experiences in getting home, especially if he's a non-veteran, as the comrade and myself were. You must remember, or understand, that a discharged or non-combatant soldier of the army in the enemy's country is nobody's darling, but is a cumberer, a dead weight rubbish—in the way.

If the publishers and readers of my article will allow me to digress and make a short story long, and thus to explain how I came to be a non-veteran, I would be glad to call fin to my aid some outside or collateral circumstances and experiences leading up to the subject-matter of getting home after my time was up.

I will therefore choose Vicksburg, Miss., as the post of departure for my little air ship on its homeward-bound trip for "God's country." All you old Western hoys who were in that great, unsurpassed, unequaled, romantic Vicksburg campaign, remember that upon the fall or surrender of that American Gibraltar, July 4, 1863, or

during the war.

Possessing these qualifications to an man leading him back home behind his coach, where the poor fellow had a harder coach, where the poor fellow had a harder as one of the lucky number to receive a time than he did taking me up. Of course,

All this has been said to show why o a handsome young Sergeant footloose among the pretty girls.

Yum! How it makes my mouth

The veteran fever broke out in camp while Yum, Yum! How it makes my mouth water even yet to think of it, and in the at the table from a plate, with knife, fork, language of poor Maud Muller, or some one else, I heave a huge sigh, and say, "Backward, turn backward, oh time! in your stove to warm by, etc. All these luxuries flight," and give me a furlough again, "if it's but for to-night." Comparatively speakconspired together to wean me away from camp-life and the army. Had I been in camp all this time with the boys, living as

express, and upon the last day, in the morning, of my allotted time at home I received and everything readjusted, the old term of enlistment wiped out with the new. our corps (the Seventeenth) embarked on board steamers at Vicksburg and the whole shooting match went up to Cairo, whence

shooting match went up to Cairo, whence deserters, for the purpose of pointing out the veterans, as they were now called, can be recognizing a deserter from my company, who had taken refuge in a locality in the northwestern part of the County, intensely disloyal, called "Devil's Neck," and situated in a curve of the Embarras River, generally known as "the Dark Bend of the Ambraw."

Omitting the details of this, one of the most thrilling episodes of my army life, I will only say further of it that this order made me safe at home until ordered back point we launched forth upon the cele-After the return of the veterans we went on board a fleet of steamers, veterans and non-veterans together, and salled away up the Ohio and Tennessee, past Fort Henry, Pittsburg Landing, and on up to Clifton, Pittsburg Landing, and on up to Clifton, Tenn., where we went ashore again about the first week in May, '64. From this point we launched forth upon the celebrated Georgia or Altanta campaign, and burned our first gunpowder of the campaign at Big Shanty Station, on the Georgia Railroad, about one month after leaving Clifton. From the beginning of June until the first of September we were under fire, or in hearing of it, almost in-

tahoochie River here, had been destroyed, and a temporary one hastilly constructed by our pioneer corps. This bridge rested upon the ends of huge, long perpendicular birch logs, or stilts, seemingly 100 feet high, and far down in its deep-cut channel, between high, steep banks, this rapid little river dashed on and over its rocky bed.

Some of our party of non-veterans, myself among the number, decided to walk over this bridge instead of walking around the elbow and wading the ford knee-deep or more. I had hardly gotten fairly over the swift-flowing water, when the river suddenly stopped flowing, and part of the bridge went dashing down-stream. I had lost my head, was dizzy, had the headswim, dare not take another step; my nervous system was completely upset. All I could do was to cling with a death grip to the ties and rails to keep from falling headlong into the stream below. In addition to all this, I imagined I heard the numbling of an approaching train; also, I dition to all this, I imagined I rambling of an approaching train; also, I thought I felt the hair of my head straitentian up and and turning white. My ing up on end and turning white. My comrades catching on to what was the matter, came back to my rescue, and almost carried me over the bridge.

I didn't get over the scare all night, and would go off into night-mares or jim-jams whenever I fell asleep. I was never worse shaken up in any battle than I was here on this bridge. Reader, did you ever see this bridge? Do you know where it is? Our next trouble was with the guards around Marietta, who, although I had the muster-out roll of all the non-veterans in my company, stoutly refused to let us through, on the grounds that we had no tour romantic Vicksburg campaign, remember that upon the fall or surrender of that American Gibraltar, July 4, 1863, or shortly thereafter, Grant issued an order furloughing for 30 days a certain per cent. of his victorious army, but including only those who had been faithful to ranks during the siege and who had not been home so far during the war.

Beging these goalifections to allow any squads of stragglers from the first to pass through the lines. So we turned back, and went into camp in some old shebang or brush sheds and beans, dinner and supper both together.

I arrived at Vicksburg with my cut one dollar bill still in my pocket. In due time I received a modest little dun for \$1.50 from the livery man at Hutsonville to pay board at Terre Haute and for the stage man leading him back, home behind his discharge papers, and that they had strict orders not to allow any squads of stragglers from the front to pass through the lines. banks where some regiment had previously camped. Added to this, we had no rations except a few hard crackers, and I had caten no dinner and was now very hungry. After spending a restless night on the bank of the Chattahoochie, I was already homesick to be back with the boys in my homesick to be back with the boys in my old company. Had the Chattahoochie River with its high railroad bridge, even, been the only barrier between me and my old company, I would gladly have surmounted it and gone back to old Co. D. But I was the same as dead, now, to that organization, and the dead, you know, can't return. I felt that it was my duty, anyway, to go back, and bid the boys a fond goodby, many of whom I have never more seen to this day. My furlough, my detached service in pursuit of deserters and as recruiting-officer, had kept me at home among citizens too long; I had missed the

> tant random guns which both armies were sullenly firing.
>
> From my old army diary:
>
> "Sunday, Aug. 28, 1864.—Left Marietta,
> Ga., on the 10:40 train, box-cars, last night;
> train seemed to be a mile long, with an
> engine in front, one in the middle and one behind. Loaded with sick, wounded, non-veterans and refugees. One section of the train ran off the track near Resaca. Trainmen say the hindmost engine push-ed them off. I was in the first car that left the rails; was sitting on a bench in the car, and noticed that it was jolting and running very rough; all the baggage stacked up in the car was falling down and bouncing about on the floor. Getting up and staggering to the side door, I noticed the wheels were off the rails and jumping

opportunities of veteranizing as well as the

crowning honors of my three years' faithful service. The irregular racket of mus-

ketry between the skirmish lines had forever ceased to play upon the drums of my ears, but I was still in hearing of the dis-

along on the ties.
"As the train rounded a short curve, th

with Co. D. I had been the heat and burden of the war, and then left the army just in time to miss its closing glories. The march or walkaway to the sea had set The march or walkaway to the sea had set in, the campaign through the Carolinas, the grand "kaflumix" of the Confederacy, the flight of Davis and the big Review at Washington in consecutive order were coming. My company and my heart were there when I was not, but mured up in a school-room, trying to teach young men and women to "debit everything that costs you value, and credit everything that produces you value; or debit everything that comes into your possession, and that comes into your possession, and credit everything that goes out of your

possession." etc.
At the close of the Vicksburg campaign
there was but one commissioned officer
left in my company, and when sent home that Fall on recruiting service, it was with the understanding that I was next in the order or line of promation. Reinlisting, or veteranizing, had not, as yet, been heard or thought of, and when I returned to my company and learned that I had thus fortained my rights or thus not preself out company and learned that I had thus forfeited my rights, or thus put myself out of the line, by not reinisting, it took all the starch right out of me. I wilted and suffered more in a day, during the Atlanta campaign, than I had in all the war up to that time, and the longer, or nearer the end of my time, the worse I felt, and when the great battles of Peach Tree Creek and Atlanta, in July, occurred, I counted my life by the minute and second, and it is a life by the minute and second, and it is a great wonder to me that it was not taken. Well, I have now made a short story long. by trying to show up some of the phases of army life and their reactions and relapses, in telling how it happened that I did not reinlist, and some of my adventures in getting home and settled in life. The change back from army to domestic life was much harder on me than was the breaking of home ties for the army. But I have survived it all, and do not desire a pleasanter home, now, than I have in Terre Haute, at the head of a pleasant family, in a beautiful home of my own, with my children and grandchildren and numerous friends and acquaintances, where 36 years ago, it was a lonesome, friendless, homeless prison to me.

#### RECENT LITERATURE.

LET THERE BE LIGHT. By David Lubin. Published by G. A. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. This is the story of a Workingman's Club, its search for the causes of poverty and social inequality, its discussions, and plan for the amelioration of existing evils.

"RAY'S DAUGHTER." a complete novel, by Gen. Chas. King, is the leading feature of Lippincott's Magazine for June. Stephen Cranc writes on the Battle of Bunker Hill.

RECENT FAMINES IN INDIA AND THEIR CAUSE AND TRUE REMEDY, BY GEORGE E. BUELL, Rochester, N. Y. The above is the title of a pamphlet which gives a copious collection of statistics from official sources showing the annual production of wheat in India for the last 20 to 25 years, and also the annual export of the product for the same period, together with a review of the transportation and irrigation system and agricultural

methods of British India.

From these sources it appears, as the author points out, that the very Provinces of India which suffer most from periodical famines are at all times heavy exporters of breadstuffs, even in the midst of famine seasons. It is pointed out that if the wheat exported from India, to take advantage of the higher Buropean markets, had been consumed at home that

and number to adjust the weath raise of the weath raise of did companies; the order also provided in a said recruiting officers be of those our provided in a said recruiting officers be of those our provided in a said recruiting officers be of the second of the said of

entered the Army in 1861 as Lieutenant, and saw hard service throughout the war both with the Army of the Potomac and Army of the Cumberland. The first half of the book is composed of sketches and personal reminiscences of the great commanders whom he met, including Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, and embracing among the soldiers McClellan, Hooker, Burnside, Meade, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan and Grant. The rest of the volume consists of personal reminiscences of service in the field, letters written at the time, and other matter, giving cences of service in the field, letters writ-ten at the time, and other matter, giving vivid pictures and valuable information concerning the field life of the armies East and West with which the author saw service. It is well illustrated with portraits of the author and the leading characters discussed. It is published by Eaton & Mains, New York.

Mr. S. S. McClure has secured from Rudyard Kipling a series of stories of the South African war. The first, entitled "The Outsider," will appear in the July number of McClure's Magazine.

#### EXPANSION.

#### EVERYDAY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN (Continued from first page.)

with the gratified soldiers, and then returned again to the office. The Surgeon expressed the fear that the President's arm would be lamed with so much handshaking, saying that it certainly must ache. Mr. Lincoln smiled, and saying something about his "strong muscles," stepped out at the open door, took up a very large, heavy ax which lay there by a log of wood, and chopped vigorously for a few moments, sending the chips flying in all directions; and then, pausing, he extended his right arm to its full length, holding the ax out horizontally, without its even quivering as he held it. Strong men who looked on-men accustomed to manual labor-could not hold the same ax in that position for a moment. Returning to the office, he took a glass of lemonade; and while he was within, the chips he had chopped were gathered up and safely cared for by a hospital steward, because they were "the chips that Father Abraham chopped."

A VISIT TO MR. LINCOLN AT THE SOL-

DIERS' HOME. In Summer Mr. Lincoln's favorite home was at the Soldiers' Home, a place a few miles out of Washington, where old and disabled soldiers of the Regular Army found a refuge. It was a lovely spot, situated on a beautifully wooded hill, reached by a winding road, shaded by thick-set branches. A California lady. who visited Mr. Lincoln there, and went with him to the neighboring cemetery,

where were numberless new-made graves of volunteers, says: "While we stood in the soft evening air, watching the faint trembling of the long tendrils of waving willow, and feeling the dewy coolness that was flung out by the old oaks above us, Mr. Lincoln joined us, and stood silent, too, taking in the scene.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest,'-

he said, softly. There was something so touching in the picture opened before us,the nameless graves, the solemn quiet, the tender twilight air, but more particularly our own feminine disposition to be easily melted, I suppose,-that it made us cry as if we stood beside the tomb of our own dead, and gave point to the lines which he afterwards quoted:

"And women o'er the graves shall weep. Where nameless heroes calmly sleep." (To be continued.)

#### Graves of Blue and Gray Dallas News.

Memorial Day was observed May 30 in Dallas by the Grand Army of the Repub-lic and the Woman's Relief Corps. The graves of the Union and Confederate dead were decorated with wreaths of flowers and a monument was unveiled on the Grand Army plot in Greenwood Cemetery. The ladies of the Relief Corps have been

beautiful and appropriate remarks. Mayor Cabell was present, and was called upon by Col. Mann, and addressed the people present as the son of a distinguished Confederate General. Mrs. D. A. Allen, of the Woman's Relief Corps, delivered the monument to the G. A. R., in a short address. Col. Mann replied, accepting the monument in behalf of the Grand Army.

The Officer of the Day, J. J. Weiler, ordered a salute to be fired in honor of the unknown dead. Three volleys were fired by a squad of members of the G. A. R. The National hymn, "America," was sung by all present and a salute of 12 volleys was fired, after which the 12 volleys was fired, after which the graves of Union and Confederate dead

alike were strewn with flowers. Iron Brigade Men Euried at Arlington. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In one of Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood's interesting sketches in "Yesterday in Washington," the date of the burial of the first soldier in the cemetery at Arlington Hights is given as May 13, 1864. The 2d, 6th and 7th Wis, and the 19th Ind., afterward known as the "Iron Brigade," were camped near, or on, Arlington Hights from Oct. 7, 1861, to March 10, 1862, and desire that the 16 march 10, 1862, and during that time 16 members of those reg-iments died in the regimental hospitals and were buried close to the family burial and were buried close to the family burial lot of the Custis family, only a few rods back of the Arlington House. The first man buried there was from Co. G, 6th Wis., named Ole Dahl, and I was with the squad that buried him. Our regiment was encamped about where the parade ground of Fort Myer is, and when we left there in the Spring of 1862, there were, as I have stated, about 16 graves near the Custis burial lot. I had a list of these at one time, but it is mislaid.

About 1882.'3 I was at Arlington Hights and could not find the names of any of these men in the records kept there, and where they were buried in '61 and '62 were the headstones of soldiers who died in '64 and '5, mostly from New York and Pennsylvania regiments. How it

in '64 and '5, mostly from New York and Pennsylvania regiments. How it came about that the graves of our comrades of the Iron Brigade, the first Union soldiers to be buried at Arlington, were unmarked, I have never heard.—L. B. RAYMOND, Co. G. 6th Wis., Hampton, Laws.

#### He Had Confidence in Himself.

Success.

During the most critical period of the war, when everything looked darkest in the North, especially at Washington, Grant's confidence in his ability to bring Grant's confidence in his ability to bring victory to our arms never wavered for a moment. In fact, so thoroughly convinced was he that his policy would win that he rarely consulted others as to his course of conduct. He seldom called a council of war; and, when he did, he would sit and smoke, listening patiently to the opinions expressed, but only on rare occasions voicing his own. After his Generals had discussed various ways of withdrawing the army in case of disaster, he would adjourn the council, and, handing would adjourn the council, and, handing papers to each officer, would say: "You will proceed at daylight to execute these

#### Historic Drum. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Walter

A. Jones Post 371, Department of New York, had on Memorial Day a drum corps which was known as Post Jones Fife and which was known as Post Jones Fife and Drum Corps. One of the drummers, James Wilson, carried the same drum which was carried through the campaigns of '61 and '65 by Comrade Daniel Morse, Co. G. 77th N. Y., who is now gone to his last camping ground.—C. S. HYCKE, Adjutan', Watervliet, N. Y.

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WANTED-ADDRESSES.

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WANTED—The name and postoffice address of any officer or enlisted man who knew Julian Broad, who enlisted at Heaufort, S. C., in a colored regiment, in 1884 or '65.—Mrs. Maggle Broad, 819 Union street,

WANTED-The address of Harry A. Brown, late a Corporal of Co. F, 4th U. S. Vol. Inf. W. H. Whippie, De Laud, Fla. 984-31

WANTED-The present address of Eilas Humbert, or any officer of the 9th Wis. Battery who knew John W. Fisher, and can aid in completing bis claim for pension. Address Mrs. Mary Fisher, Whittier, Cal.

# SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS WANTED.

WANTED, the addresses of all Soldiers, their widows or heirs, who made a HOMESTEAD filling on less than 160 acres before June 22, 1873, no matter whether FINAL PROOF was made or not. Will buy Land Warrants. Mention National Tribune. Address, Comrade W. E. MOSES, Box 1835, Benver, Colo.